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!STORY WARNING!

Hello! This is a little warning about this story.
This story is about real world problems, covering topics of all types of abuse (including sexual, only slight.), bullying, self-harm/suicide, relevant political issues happening as I write the book. If you are sensitive to any of this please do not read this story as it might trigger you.
If you are thinking of suicide or have experienced abuse at any point please tell someone. Call a hotline or call the police if it's an emergency.
Thank you!

Cover by yours truly! Me!
(Follow my instagram pleaseeeeeee @hello._.vintage)

Chapter 1 (TW)

Small tiny trigger warning! There will be a Trigger Warning in almost all chapters because the small coverage of topics.

This chapter talks about bullying, threats of abuse, and talking about self-harm, and a small act on it. (The small act isn't cutting, but you will see what so and so does.)

Please forgive me for any grammar errors, spelling mistakes, missing words or double wording. When going over the chapters before the book is finished, I will try to fix as much as possible. If you can tell me where an error is in the comments, that would help out a million!

Thank you and Enjoy!!

... A m e r i c a ' s P O V ...

I don't think it's necessary to just walk up to someone, shove them out of the way and then brag about it to your friends. Like, I get it. I need to stop playing hero, but that's just what I do from the constant search of destiny to full-fill. You got to admit, the name, America the Hero, sounds pretty great. Though many other countries disagree, they'll regret it when they're in trouble and I don't help them. That wouldn't make me a hero would it? Ok! I'm getting off track as always. ADHD is very... odd. I'm always distracted trying to do more than one thing. See? I got distracted again. Anyway, back to what I was talking about. China was hanging out by his friends outside my locker, once again.

"Can you move? I need my books." I said, crossing my arms and trying to stand up a bit tall to seem intimidating.

"Can you move? I need my books." China mocked. He always does this. Never takes me seriously. Then again, nobody takes me

seriously. Why should China be the first? Me, being the hot headed idiot that I am, I just shoved him out the way, threw open my locker -I made sure to hit China with the door- got my books and stormed off before the final bell rung. I heard China following me, but I ignored it. Not important, I thought to myself. But, I guess China had other plans. He rushed past me, making sure to shoulder me enough to make me fall. Don't get me wrong, I'm 6'0 and China is 6'1. We're basically the same height, but China is like me but better. Wait, let me rephrase that. He's better than me in some ways. He smarter and stronger. Better at making friends. Being a teachers-pet. Well wait, that last one isn't so great. Besides all that, he's really... horrible. By that I mean, he's not the best person but no one is.

Obviously, China and I have a grudge. It's like an ongoing fight that's been going on all our lives. Nobody bothers to try and stop it because it's useless.

"America, why are you late?" The teacher, UN, aka United Nations who likes to watch over everyone. By everyone I mean everyone. Even people who aren't in his class. UN teaches all sorts of things. He teaches the courses but also basic life lessons. He can be strict, but he is enjoyable. I was put into his class because I can't focus and I'm a distraction to the rest of the class, so, my school being well... my school, put me in his class because his class was smaller and for people who struggle with classes, family life, or an on-going struggles.

"China..." I said as I set my books down on my desk. "Again." I continued. UN knows exactly what I mean when I say that.

"Just punch him." Russia commented from across the class. He was one of the few people in my class that actually needed this class... along with me. Germany and Poland also need this class but because of Poland's past with Germany and his father they cannot be in the same class. Therefore, Germany was put into this class. Finland was put in UN's class because of war issues and social life issues with Estonia and his brothers. I don't know much about anyone in this class, but I know they've all been through some stuff and school gets too complicated for them.

"No, don't punch him. Break his heart. He has only one of those." Finland fidgeted with his pencil.

"Why do that? It's not permeant." Russia glanced over at Finland. For a moment there was a hint of emotion in his eyes.

"You say that as if I meant that." Finland said. His monotone voice somehow making the remark more terrifying then it should be.

"So, it's settled. We gang up on his at dusk tonight, specifically 7pm and beat the hell out of him?" I said, butting into the conversation.

"Exactly." Finland got up and stretched for a moment before flopping back down in his chair.

"Let's not gang up on someone, please. I rather not deal with lawsuits." UN pulled up his laptop screen to the projector and started class.

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After an hour of class, UN let us roam around school freely. Since we were "special", and none of us have an attention span of a baby, we are allowed to work in the hallways and roam the school, but we cannot interrupt the classes. Too bad for the rules, I was planning to kick in China's locker for the problems he's already caused today.

"As if I can read your mind America, I know you're going to do something to China's locker." Russia mumbled following behind me as I walked down the hallway.

"Either that, or I'm predictable." I'm always super self-deprecating. So, it's not a shock what I said next, "I'm surprised I'm important enough for you to even talk to me."

"I may want you dead, but that doesn't mean I'm not down to wreck China's locker. He's a douche." Russia walked up to China's locker, giving it one of the loudest punches I've ever heard.

"Violent. Loud. Deadly." I laughed. There was a dent in China's locker, but Russia's hand was bleeding.

"Well then. That fucking hurt." Russia cursed under his breath.

"Was it worth it?" I asked, admiring the dent in his locker.

"100% worth the broken bleeding hand. Let's do it again and this time shatter my hand bone, so I don't have to write for the next 5 months." Russia played with his hand, showing no sign of pain.

"How does your hand not hurt..?" I asked. It was kind of shocking that his pain tolerance is so... high. I've heard that he can do so much and not feel a thing, but breaking his hand? I thought maybe like a fall or a scrape.

"Slightly. I'm not completely immune to pain." He glared down at his hand. "Now let me break the locker." Before I could answer he punched the locker once again, this time with more force.

"Jesus! Can you not?!" UN shouted walking around the corner. "Oh my. Seriously? I'm usually nicer, but your breaking the kids locker! Office. Now." UN practically dragged me down to the office and Russia followed close behind.

"Stop whining." Russia kicked me in the leg since I wouldn't stop complaining and begging UN to not take us to the office.

"Ouch." I mumbled, trying to sound sarcastic.

"Your sarcasm is worse than Belarus trying to be depressed." He kicked me again, walking into the office.

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"Well. That was absolutely horrible." I crossed my arms walking out of the office like a little kid.

"You can say that again. Hearing EU yell is almost as terrifying as my father when he's angry." Russia commented, heading to his locker to get his bag.

"Where are you going?" I asked, peering around him.

"Ditching. Obviously. How blind are you? Oh wait, your America."

He growled.

"What does that mean?!" I snapped at his negative attitude.

"You know exactly what that means America. Keep hanging around me and I'll rub off on you." I don't get what his deal is, but I decided I'm not going to even bother with him anymore.

"Harsh." I walked away heading back over to the classroom to tell UN Russia was trying to ditch. By the time UN got out of the classroom to look for Russia, he was already gone.

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"He's trouble-some America. Don't bother yourself to become friends with him, you two are complete opposites." Germany said when the bell rung for the next period. "C'mon, we have P.E."

"Wait. Let me put on my gym shoes." Rushes out the door to Germany once I tied my shoes as fast as possible. "If you don't remember, Russia and I use to be close." I walked up next to Germany, nudging him to get his attention. He was staring out into space again.

"Sorry. Uhm, yeah. You guys used to be close, but the key word is used." Germany peered down to me, giving me a 'listen to me, kid.' Kind of look. Something like my mother does.

"Well, he still hates me guts so don't expect a friendship anytime soon." I mumbled.

"We, he does talk about you a lot." Ukraine said coming out of nowhere.

"He rants. Not talks." Belarus added, "Bold of you to assume he ever will talk good about someone. He's cold as ice."

"What even happened? When I was close to him he was... well, he smiled." I asked. Sometimes I get genially concerned about him. Fun fact, he used to laugh and smile all the time. He did things. He cared. But something happened, I don't know what, and over time he 'died'. As in, it's like he lost himself, to be replaced with a shell of

himself. The only emotion you can see from him is in his eyes and that's a rare occasion.

"Right before you and him stopped being friends, we lost some very important people..." Ukraine's voice trailed off before continuing again, "I know you know, but soviet was our father and I also know that you know this, but he died awhile ago. He wasn't a great person, nor a good dad, but he was a parental figure. He was cruel to me, on an extreme side, so I'm not that bothered by it, but he was more protective of Russia, and cared for him a bit more. So, I guess he was hurt more. It's scary what grief can do to a person, but I also think it's got something more to do than just dad." Ukraine finished her small storytelling session and sat down on a bench in the gym.

"Ja, that's extremely sad, but Amerika, I don't think you should talk to him. He might be hurt, but that doesn't mean you have to talk to him." Germany went back to his reasoning, "I'm going to actually put use to my class time." He took off his glasses and put them into his pocket before running off to the rest of his friend group.

"Well, I guess I'll go join him. Also, Ukraine and Belarus, go find Russia. Fix his hand please. He broke it on China's locker." I waved goodbye and ran over to Germany. The two sisters waved back, and Ukraine nodded in agreement.

... R u s s i a ' s P O V ...

Hear me out, I don't hate America with a burning passion. If I did, I'd already nuked, bombed, shot, or fought him. Have I gotten close to severely hurting him? Yes, of course. I hate the guy, he's a child. He never grew up from when we were younger, and he's still just as bratty. At the time, I didn't hate him, I was friends with him. I cared enough to allow him to get close to me, but my father hated his guts and wanted him to never talk to me, my siblings, anything. I was younger than, I don't remember much of the things that happened, but I do remember America fought with my father quite a bit. Chaotic? Yes. Hilarious? Yes. For me at least. But not all the time, they'd get a little bit too crazy and it got a little scary, but nothing really happened between them, just an adult to child mutual hate. It's strange though. The fact that America was a child and my father, an adult, even cared enough about each other to try

to "kill" one another.

Enough about childhood. What happened is done, but what I was talking about before a bit of sidetracking was the fact that America needs grow up. He's physically grown up but emotionally and mentally? He's such a nuisance for that. He acts like a small child with a pouting face. And that's what bothers me.

"Russia! Hello..? Earth to Russia!" Ukraine shouted, waving her hand in my face.

"Oh. Hi." I said, coming out of my train of thought.

"We're home, with food." Ukraine held a bag in her hand, and Belarus came running over and took it.

"Cookie!!!" She shouted and ran over to the kitchen. I followed close behind, walking because I didn't really mind for anything. My siblings are sweet... most of the time. Ukraine can be sassy and have a tough shell, but I know she's a sweet girl. I hate the fact that I'm mean to her from time to time, she doesn't deserve it unless she does something reckless.

"We stopped at a bakery, since it was nice out and we left early." Ukraine got a plate out and placed three cookies on it for the three siblings.

"They had cookies, obviously, cake, fruit, other foods I can't name because I speak Belorussian, Ukrainian and Russian first, not English, but they had a thing." Belarus giggled, taking a bite of her cookie.

"When did we start speaking English at home?" I asked. I tried to remember when we always spoke Russian, Ukrainian, Belorussian, Lithuanian, Estonian, Finnish... the list goes on... but never English. Oh right, and Mongolian. Mongolian is an interesting language, but that's what makes it cool. Sadly, out most of those languages I knew when I was younger I can only speak 2 fluently. Obviously, the first three.

"Uhm... I think it was when we started going outside and talking to

other countries. They all spoke English and they're native languages. Some spoke ours, but English was very common and still is...?" Belarus tried to her best to explain, and for once she actually managed to say something well thought out and logical.

"Wow, something smart from that girl." I joked. Belarus gave me a sour look, but I just gave her the smallest smile in the world, so she knows I was kidding.

"Wait, you smiled. Slightly." Ukraine stared at me.

"What? I can smile." I mumbled.

"No, you can't, you never smile. You must actually enjoy talking to us." Ukraine laughed a bit, finishing her cookie.

"No not really." I glared at them, and they gave me the most depressing look, "...Kidding..!" I tried to sound as honest as possible, and surprisingly they bought it. I do enjoy talking to them, like right now, but since we almost never get along, that doesn't seem to matter. Belarus is always telling me to live in the moment, but I really don't understand that.

"Ohh, okay. Well, topic change! We have to fix your hand." Ukraine pointed out, carefully taking my hand to look at it. "Your hand is turning black and purple, Russia. What were you going to do with a broken hand?" She asked.

"I wasn't planning to do anything." I mumbled back in response.

"Bad word choice. C'mon, I'll fix your hand up. Belarus, want to come with to make sure he doesn't start crying like a little baby?" Ukraine dragged me along, not waiting for Belarus to answer because she was completely being sarcastic, but Belarus wouldn't pick up on that.

"Wait, doesn't he have like... Complete pain tolerance?" Belarus started.

"She was being sarcastic!" I shouted from across the house where Ukraine was dragging me into the bath so she can get bandages.

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"Sleeve up, now." Ukraine said, her cheery voice falling flat while she was unwrapping the bandages.

"You know, I can do this myself." I said rolling up my sleeve to reveal small white scars scattered up my arm. Ukraine knows about my habits since she caught me in the middle of it, so she knows not to bring up. Even though she knows that, she still pauses for a second before continuing.

"Don't-" I was about to say before being cut-off.

"I know, I won't." Ukraine agreed, basically reading my mind. "Whose locker did you punch?" She asked, trying to fill the awkward air.

"China's." My monotone voice surprised her for a second, since a minute ago I just had emotion, but sometimes the littlest things pull away my happiness.

"Why? What did he do to you? Lmao." Ukraine wrapped the bandages around my hand, making her to wrap it tight to push the bone pieces back together as much as possible.

"In class we were making jokes about beating up China. So, when we had free time, I followed America to his locker and shattered my hand." I explained. I wanted to leave out the America part, but I thought it would be a better idea to not lie about shattering my hand.

"You should have kicked it, not punched it. I get it, your strong, but don't go shattering your hand please. For my sake?" She asked, finishing up the bandages. "I care a lot about you Rus. You're my brother. Not like Lithuania and Estonia siblings, you're my brother by blood, and I feel a sense that I have to care for you."

"How though? I'm nothing but harsh towards you." I looked up at her. Her eyes were forming small tears.

"I know, but I know your hurt. I know you push people away. I know what that feels like, and I know you know that." Ukraine

started to play with her hands. When she's getting emotional or nervous she'd start to fidget with anything in her hands or with just her hands.

"It's okay.." I mumbled. I wrapped my arms around Ukraine, giving her a hug to calm her down. Making sure to reassure that it's okay. "It's okay to care for me... and I'm sorry I put so much stress on you.."

"We worry, ok? We're siblings. Belarus cares about you too and so do I." Ukraine continued to keep on saying how she cares and worries about me, but I spaced out, getting lost in my own thoughts. "Russia?" Ukraine asked, pushing away from their hug. I glanced at her, coming out of my trance. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. Like always." I said. I feel like my monotone voice made it seem like I was lying more than I was.

"I mean..." She hesitated for a moment, "I mean this." She grabbed hold of my arm, being careful to not harsh the mood like she was getting agitated, and to not hurt me. "I know, they're healed but, you aren't thinking of doing that again. Right?" I could hear the worry in her voice this time, not just "your supposed to say that." But, genuine care. I couldn't lie to her like this.

"No," I looked at her in the eyes, so she knew I was being serious and not lying through my teeth again, "I'm not."

"So then why?" She started, "Why do you do things like breaking your hand?"

"Reckless decisions? China isn't a nice guy at the moment to really anyone, and I just thought a little harm to a locker wouldn't do too bad." I tried to reason. To be honest, I didn't understand why I punched his locker besides the fact it would be something to get China off everyone's back.

"Well, doing something odd like that suits you a bit." Ukraine smiled at me. The sad, worried mood faded into how it always is around Ukraine. Silly, sometimes irritating, but funny. Is this what Belarus calls it? Living in the moment?

"I'm odd. Your odd. We're all odd, aren't we?" I asked, walking back into the hallway.

"Yeah, a bit so." She followed me.

I hope you enjoyed the first chapter! I do always write super long chapters like this. (3,000+ words) since 1,000 words is super easy for me to write in one sitting. Besides, 3,000 is the size of a good sized chapter in a novel, and I want to make a real book one day, so practice makes perfect!

If you want to know, the words for this chapter is 3,465.

Chapter 2 (TW)

... A m e r i c a ' s P O V...

"Japan! Hey!" I greeted my friend from middle school. She used to hate me, but we got along swimmingly after a lot of drama. Middle school was crazy with a bunch of parents and students drama. Japan hated me because her mother hated me.

"Hello America-San! How are you today?" She smiled at me. She made me glad to be her friend. She's sweet and silly, but also smart with technology, art, and medics. She's very clever.

"I'm doing good for as well as I can be while China's always finding ways to ruin my day." I said, getting my books out of my locker.

"Aw, I will go beat up China-Sama for you. Anyway! Do you want to go get Boba with Spain, Phillip, and I after school?" She waved at Spain who was walking by.

"Sure, I just have to be back at home before 5. I can't stress enough what I mean by before 5. My dad is super strict." I looked at her and gave a sympathetic smile.

"Oh! Yes, of course. I forget that your father is strict like that. It's because he cares for you, America-San. Don't be so upset over it!" She always tried to reason and look on the sunny side of things. Now that I think about it, I think this is where Belarus gets her positivity from.

"I better get to class." I waved goodbye to Japan.

"Okay! Meet me at the front gate!" She waved goodbye and ran off around the corner. I walked over to class.

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After ordering our Boba we all walked over to the nearby park. Spain and Japan were doing their playful bickering.

"They're like babies." Phillip commented to me.

"Well, they both have extreme extroverted personalities." I said, glancing down at Phillip.

"Well anyway, I heard that someone put a big dent in China's locker. I'm assuming that was you?" She asked, giving me a 'your screwed' look.

"Actually no. It was Russia." I laughed, "Shocking?"

"Wow, I didn't know he had any beef with China." She smiled, clearly amused by the situation.

"He has an issue with everyone." I said, giving off a salty vibe.

"Speaking of the devil..." Phillip looked up, to see Spain and Japan talking to Russia.

"Wow, didn't expect that Spain or Japan would even bother." I looked over to Russia. He noticed and glared at me and mouthed, "go away". So, me being the bother I am, I walked over to the 3. "Hey Russia. How is your hand?" I asked.

"Fine, thanks." He mumbled.

"So... Russia? Why did you punch China's locker?" Phillip asked.

"Why do you care?" Russia responded back.

"Because I would like to know." Phillip kept bothering Russia to answer her questions. He seemed agitated by her but too out of it to really care.

"Phillip, stop bothering him." Japan pulled back Phillip towards her and Spain. I took my chance to go up next to Russia to be a pest and pester him.

"They're so bother-some aren't they?" I asked in the most fake voice I could do.

"You say that as if your any better." He glared down at me

"Yeah, I'm not any better. But, let's get out of here. Walking around the block a million times is no fun, isn't it?" I gave him a small half smile to soften the mood.

"I rather not go run off with you just so you can be stupid around me even more." I argued.

"Oh c'mon Rus. Trust me." I haven't called him by his nickname is ages, but it caused him to stop glaring at me and actually look at me.

"Fine. Let's go wherever your planning to take me." I finally agreed.

... R u s s i a ' s P O V...

America tugged on my sleeve to quicken our pace around the corner to get away from the other three. Once they were gone, he ran out the other direction and I followed close behind. Across the street, down the hill, through a small field and followed a small pathway in the woods.

"Do you hear it?" America asked. I paused for a moment.

"Hear what?" I asked. He looked up at me and motioned for me to follow him off the path.

"I'm not surprised you don't remember this place." He said. I could hear the small disappointment in his voice. We kept walking for a couple of moments before there was an ambient roar up ahead. America pushed aside some leaves to reveal a giant waterfall, next too it a crystal clear lake. Fish swimming around, deer's drinking the water, flowers prospering from the wellness of the area. "I take that back, I'm surprised." I ignored him and walked ahead in the magical place. It felt familiar. It felt safe.

"I'm surprised too." I said, practically a whisper. I walked around the little meadow, taking my time to look at all the details in the forest, trying to remember this place. In the corner of my eye I saw America roll up his blue jeans, take off his black sneakers and socks and walk into the water.

"Holy Jesus! That's cold!" He wailed, jumping and running around

in the water.

"That's not very smart of you, America." I walked over too the shore and took off my shoes, then my socks. I put one foot in and took it out as soon as the water hit my toes.

"That's like colder than ice water." I commented, stepping back from the rocky sand.

"It's fine once you get into the water!" America laughed, finally comfortable to the water. "It gets warmer the closer you get to the waterfall." The water spray from the waterfall cover him in tiny droplets of water. He ran back up to shore to take off his orange-yellow hoodie to reveal his dark brown shirt with a pastel NASA sign in the middle. He then took off his sunglasses and ran back into the water.

"I guess if your fine with it, I should be able to handle it." I gave into his confidence once again. Trusting him once again. I took off my gray wool jacket and the silver laced necklace with a cross as a charm on the bottom. I don't have that because I'm super religious or anything, the cross was tiny anyway. I just thought it looked cool. I hesitated to take off my Ushanka. I didn't want it to get wet, but my hair has gotten longer over time, and I don't want to seem like a fem-boy in front of anyone. Specially America. I took it off anyway and slowly but surely walked into the water.

"See, I didn't lie now did I?" He asked, grabbing my arm and pulling me in more so the water was up to my elbow and up to his collarbone.

"I guess not." I started to get too shy around him. Scared of his judgement. I never open up to anyone or do things like walk into an ice lake with someone. But, I could tell he was flustered around me too. He kept looking down, hiding his eyes. Without thinking, I pulled my hand out of the water and touched his face and moved his head up so I can see him. "Your eyes are golden. Golden brown like a sugar cookie, or the rays of the sun."

He froze and turned red for a moment before submerging himself under the water. I sighed and pulled him back up out of the water

and glared.

"Nobody says anything about my eyes, or anything nice." He looked away from my stare.

I softened my gaze and said, "They're jealous." I tried to sound supporting like my sisters, and I believe it worked. He looked back at me and paused before splashing me with water and running away in the opposite direction laughing. Not the mockery kind of laughing but the kind of laughing when someone is having fun, like when they were just crying, and you cheered them up. So, I decided to chase after him and splash him with water too.

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I walked out of the water and was greeted with an icy cold wind. As if a reminder to never trust America again. Trusting him today was enough of a problem, building a stronger bond would result in problems. I looked up to the sky and noticed the sun was gone and replaced with dark, rainy, heavy clouds.

"It's going to rain huh?" America said, copying me. He leaned down and picked out his phone from his jacket. I glanced at his phone to get a sneak peak of the time. 5:32pm, or 17:32 for me. "7 missed calls from dad, 2 from Canada and 4 from mom." America's cheerful mood died away and was replaced with dread. I could tell. I know that look on anyone's face just from knowing mine.

"What's happening?" I asked as he stood back up.

"I just uhm... I've got to go, Rus. Sorry." He seemed extremely upset and worried.

"Alright, just... Whatever happened, don't let it get too you?" I tried to be reassuring but sometimes it's difficult. I tied my coat around my waist and picked off small picks and pieces of leaves on my damp shirt and jeans. I put on my Ushanka, socks and shoes and walked with America out the woods, back across the field and to the intersection in the street where we would part to go to our

neighborhoods. "Bye America." I said. He waved goodbye and I slowly walked across the street. I looked back to see him sprinting down the street to his house. I was worried, but I know I shouldn't have been.

... A m e r i c a ' s P O V...

As I walked inside my house, I kicked off my shoes and was greeted by an angry father.

"America! I told you, please be home by 5pm." Britain said in an extremely stern voice.

"I know... I'm sorry. I went to the meadow that we'd go with Canada when we were little. I left my phone with my hoodie." I left out the fact that I was hanging out with Russia. Russia! Out of all the people I chose Russia. My dad's eyes sparked with memory, but then distress.

"Didn't you go there with Russia all the time?" He asked, his irritation returning.

"Yeah..? And?" I looked away trying to avoid eye contact.

"I don't know if you went with him there today, but I don't want you hanging out around him. His father is horrible, and parents rub off on their kids. He hurt you already, I don't want him to do that again." Britain shook his head in disapproval.

"I hurt him too dad. I hurt him more, and I still do." I reasoned. I walked over to the kitchen to make a bagel for myself.

"Yes, and I don't want that to happen again. Perhaps that boy knows to not talk to you too. Maybe that's why he used to avoid you all the time? You should learn that, America." Britain stood in the doorway.

I pulled out the toaster and put the bagel in it, started the toaster and said, "Maybe I want our friendship back, dad. Maybe I care for him a bit. Maybe I can see that he can be happy, and maybe I want to make him smile like I used to."

Britain gave up and walked back into the dining room to sit next to France. I grabbed my backpack and headed upstairs, feeling a bit ashamed and uncomfortable. I tossed my bag down against the wall and jumped onto my bed where I face planted into my pillow.

"This is so stupid." I mumbled. I got a notification on my phone. It was a text from Ukraine.

"Make sure my brother doesn't do anything stupid, please?" Her text said. I paused for a moment before responding.

"What do you mean?" I texted back...

Ukraine:

Like what he did today. He shattered his hand.

America:

That doesn't mean anything. He was just being stupid.

Ukraine:

America, you don't know anything about him anymore, ok? Just, if he's around you, don't let him do anything.

America:

Okay... I don't see why your so worried but will do.

I locked my phone and sighed. "Why is he all of a sudden in my life?" I though aloud. I hated him... yet I didn't. I wanted to hate him so badly, but I just couldn't. I know he's nice, and I know he hates me too, but I can't find a good reason to hate him like he hates me. The only decent reason I could think of was our past... I missed being his friend so much, he was such a baby though... like me.

Year ago, back in the beginning of middle school, Russia and I got

along swimmingly. Every day we would do our homework, go to the meadow, go to school and go home together, have sleepovers with our siblings all the time. We were inseparable. Except for his dad. His dad hated me, and I hated his dad... But, I still managed to be with my best-friend.

Middle school came and everyone broke apart into they're new groups. I fell into the group that was fairly popular. The group had a lot of us. Japan, Poland, Germany, Ukraine, Canada, China, South Korea, and Philippines. Sadly, Russia didn't care to be in the group, instead he spent time with his family

Eventually, I started to dislike him for no reason other than he "didn't fit in". Harsh, but it's what I thought. Looking back on it, I realize how cruel and brutal I was. I never grew up did I? Anyway, I got sidetracked... As always. I would make sure he didn't enjoy school in the slightest bit. I'd ruin his day. Worse than what China does to me now. I knew not to hit Russia because he was always stronger than me, but my words were toxic, and I could see they hurt. Eventually, he stopped coming to school. I asked Ukraine about it and she snapped at me. She said everything is my fault, that he never did anything, and he didn't deserve it... I never understood what she meant, but she apologized a few days later.

... U k r a i n e ' s P O V...

I sighed. "He'll never get it." I mumbled. I walked across the hall to Russia's room and gently pushed open the door. I looked over to his bed where he was sleeping. He had his Ushanka off and his hair down. His hair was really long, it reached just below his shoulders. Even though he has long hair, his hair is so healthy looking, I kind of envied it. I walked into his room and brushes his hair out of his face, adjusted the blanket so it covered him and turn off the light in his room.

I can't help but care for him. I never noticed how bad his mental health has fell apart and deteriorated from America's remarks and bullying. On top of that, one of the only people that showed that smallest amount of care for him, USSR, died. But, I cared the whole time and so did Belarus, but he's told me he thought we hated him too. There are times when I felt like I hated him, but that was then.

I didn't know anything about him. That was till... Well... Dad died, so Russia stayed home for about 2 weeks. I would have thought he would be back by the first week, but it turns out he also didn't want to go to school anymore. More than usual, so he avoided it.

I looked down at my older brother sleeping peacefully, wishing nothing bad happened to him. Our father might be bad, and Russia might has done some unforgiving things, but I care so much.

I remember everything. I remember the whole day something was off. I was at school, Russia wasn't there again, but I was getting concerned because he hasn't come out of his room either. That night, something felt extremely off. I grabbed my phone and texted him, "Hey bro? Are you okay?" I knew he wouldn't answer his door, so maybe a text. I waited and waited, but he never answered. Instead, he left me on read.

I walked over to his door and knocked, "Russia? If you don't answer, I'm coming in." No response. I pushed open the door and walk quietly. It was extremely dark but the light spilling in from the hallway lit my way around his room. I looked around and saw him sitting on the floor facing away from the door. His phone light gave away his hiding spot. I noticed a wire going to his ears, his headphones. I didn't want to be noticed in case he got mad at me, I tip-toed up behind him. I peered over him, trying to see what he was doing. I saw him holding something, but I wasn't sure what it was. I stayed there, watching him fidget with the item until he pressed it against his wrist. He touched his arm with his hand gently, the phone light showed the blood on his hand. I figured out what he was doing really fast and froze up. What am I supposed to do? Scare him by telling him to stop? Leave? I tip-toed out of the room and closed the door without being noticed. This time, I swung open the door and flicked on the light. He jumped from the sudden change in light and threw the blade across the room away from him. I looked at him and noticed all the weeks old scars that's turned white, the re-opened ones and the fresh ones that lined his elbows to his hands. I stood still, and so did he. "Why..?" I asked.

He went pale from shock and looked down with disappointment.

"Why?" I asked again. I took a few steps closer. He, in response

moved farther away, closer to the blade, saying nothing.

I took a step towards the blade, "Don't." He growled. He stood up and looked down at me, dead in the eyes.

"I don't care if you hurt me, but I won't let you hurt yourself!" I shouted at him. His gaze softened. He glanced down at the blade a few steps ahead. "Don't..." I mumbled. He hesitated. He looked at himself in the mirror next to us. Our height difference was extremely different. I was 4'9 and he was 5'7 already. "Don't..." I repeated. I shuffled closer to the blade, hoping I could get to it and take it from him.

"It doesn't matter." His voice trembled, "I have more anyways." He walked out of the room and down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" I followed close behind. I noticed Belarus sitting in the living room. "Stay there." I said before chasing after Russia again. He closed the door behind him in the laundry room. I swung open the door to see him jumping out the window.

I followed him out the window, but at the point I lost him. I noticed he left a cabinet open. I pulled open the cabinet more and saw a box of razor blades you can get from the dollar store. "Shit." I mumbled.

That night, I stayed downstairs waiting, and waiting, and waiting for him to come back. I know he would kill himself knowing that I even cared enough to chase him. He didn't come home that night, and I didn't bat an eye until he came back the following afternoon.

Looking back on that evening makes me realize how horribly I handled it. I stood in the hallway, thinking about what I did wrong. I didn't look for him, I just let him leave. I didn't grab hold of him while I could or ran for the blade to take it. But enough about wishing what I did different. I have homework to do.

...America's POV...

The next morning, I saw China staring me down as I walked into school.

"Ignore him." Finland said, touching my shoulder lightly. "Let's ditch today."

"What? Why?" I asked.

"I know something you don't. Don't even bother asking." He tugged me away from the front doors of the school and back down the walkway. "Besides, Germany and Russia are in that meadow you two were in yesterday."

"How did you know about that? Did he tell?!" My face blushed up from embarrassment just for even having an interest in forest, and beautiful meadows.

"Relax. We found it on our own and saw Russia sitting there this morning." We followed the roads and pathway in the field Russia and I walked through yesterday. "We decided to call the meadow Roses because the giant rose bushes surrounding the area."

"Interesting..."

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After a bit of continuous walking, we finally made it too the meadow where Germany was on his school laptop writing an essay and Russia was on the bright green grass, his ushanka covering his eyes.

"Hey guys!" Germany greeted us.

"Finland please don't tell me you actually got America. He's a 'good student' and will rat us out." Russia mumbled, half asleep.

"Wow thanks." I kicked Russia in the side. He didn't even make a noise when I kicked him. Ice. He's like ice.

"Yeah, I did. Also calm down Rus, he's not that bad." Finland sighed. It was obvious that he was tired of Russia and I being so harsh to each other.

"I honestly prefer the idea of them hating each other than getting along like buddies." Germany added, glancing up from his essay. I

looked at Russia. It shocked me how he could be nice to me one day, then cold the next. He's extremely bi-polar... I wonder what's on his mind.

I tapped his head, getting his attention. "Hey. What's going on inside of that head of yours?" I giggled.

"I'm thinking about my sisters." I mumbled. There was a hint of sadness, but I disregarded it.

"What about them?" I asked, being extremely nosey.

"It's nothing, America. You wouldn't care anyways." There was something off about him. He was unusually cold today.

"Rus. Are you okay?" Germany picked on his coldness and sat down next to Russia.

"I'm okay." Russia said bleakly. No excitement or sadness in his voice. Just monotone nothingness. Germany gently pushed Russia up from the grass and moved his Ushanka out of his eyes. "Oh..." Germany stood up and pulled Russia up with him. "We'll be back."

I tried to see Russia's face, but he wouldn't turn towards me.

...Germany's POV...

This has happened before. Russia was hiding his face as much as possible with anything, I noticed, made him show his face, and he'd look like he's about to do something stupid.

"What's wrong?" I asked. He looked away; his cold stare was chilling as if it was freezing the area around him. "What's wrong?" I asked again.

He sighed, "I hate him." He looked back to the wall of rose bushes.

"You hate..? America." I just realized what he meant and sighed. "Just avoid each other."

"How? All he does is try to bother me." Russia covered his face with hands. "He does nothing but drag me along, and sometimes, only

sometimes, will we get along. He can be decent, but the next day it's as if that decent side of him is gone. As if he tries to make me trust him to just annoy me again. I get tired of it, you know?"

"I get it, but just ignore him. Don't respond to him, even if he's being nice." I did my best to comfort Russia as much as possible. I try my best to try and keep the two of them away from each other, but Russia hates America and America hates Russia. I guess it will stay like that for a very long time.

"Just... how can it change so quickly?" He asked. "It confuses me way too much. It reminds me of things I don't want to remember. It reminds me of when he first started doing this in middle school."

"Just take a deep breath. It's no longer middle school, and he's no longer a bully. He stopped once the police got involved, ok? He's honestly better, I just think you two need time." I reasoned.

"Ok. I'm sorry Germany. I was just about to have a panic attack. But thanks." He stood up waited for me to do the same.

"Honestly, it makes sense. A lot of stuff happened in middle school." I patted his shoulders and picked some grass off his shirt.

"Hah. Germaphobe." He laughed, pushing back into the meadow from the rose bushes.

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I don't exactly like this chapter, but second chapters are always the worst :^

Chapter 3 (SHORT - TW)

... N o P O V...

"The kid is just... It's America! Don't expect me to ever be nice to him." China growled at North Korea.

"Yeah, I get that but, I personally would stop this bullshit before the teachers get involved. He wrecked your locker. He may wreck your face next." North Korea folded his clean laundry and tucked the dark colored clothing into his dresser. China was at North Korea and South Korea's house once again. He stops by after school to hang out with his close childhood friend, the, much unlike his brother, cold Korean.

China rolled his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. "He's a brat. And a pussy." He insulted.

"I'd have to agree with you, but common. He put a dent in your locker." North Korea tried to reason with China, both unknowing that America wasn't the one to damage China's locker.

"Didn't know the bitch could do that much damage." China mumbled.

"How dense are you? He is the world superpower. The only other person that can really hurt him is Russia. Then perhaps you." North Korea turned around to face China who was now sitting on the bed across the room. The Korean leaned against the dress, glaring down his friend.

"Russia screwed up your locker!" South Korea shouted, running past the room the two males were in.

China and North Korea looked at each other in surprise.

"Russia did that. Not surprised." North Korea sighed. "I am surprised that he would do that to you." He put emphasis on 'you'.

"Why don't I text him? Ask what's up." China pulled his phone out of his pocket and opened the dead messages between the two countries. Last time they texted was 3 months ago.

He sighed; he was nervous with no clue why.

China:

Hey, Russia.

Russia:

What?

China:

Let's skip too the point. Why did you dent my locker?

Russia:

Damn. Nobody can lay off about that.

China:

Not my fault that YOU decided to punch it.

Russia:

I was only doing what America was going to do but worse.

China:

Can I call you? It'll be easier to talk.

Russia:

Whatever floats your boat.

China pressed the call button and waited for Russia to pick up. The low ringing in the phone made him want to be like a little kid and copy it. But that would be embarrassing.

"China. What do you want?" Russia's voice was surprisingly more...

soft than usual. It didn't have the cold harsh tone. This took China by surprise and he paused for a moment, hesitation in what he was going to say. He was taken back by the Russian's calm tone.

"I just..." He cleared his throat, "I was just trying to understand why you would do that... or... copy that American?"

Russia chuckled to himself, "You're an asshole, China." Those words slipped out of his mouth like a venom from a snake.

China growled under his breath at the remark. Was Russia pissed at China and the calm tone was a trick? That had to be it... "My god. Okay. I tried to be nice, but your making it difficult. When did you start hating me?" China's ego was hurt by the Russians sudden coldness to him.

Back when they were kids, the two used to get along like two brothers. Russia's father approved of China as well. This only made their bond closer... Until America became friends with Russia. This made the two countries drift apart, to almost never talk. The last time the talked heart to heart was when USSR, Russia's father, died.

Russia was shaken up badly by the whole dead dad thing. He knew USSR wasn't a good parental figure or a good person in general, but Russia still missed his father. His mother, Afghanistan didn't even bat an eye to his death. They divorced years ago, when Russia was still a little kid. Apparently, Afghanistan couldn't handle USSR any longer and left. Russia still has no clue what happened between them, nor has he cared much.

"When your ego got to big and made you an airhead." Russia was getting short with this conversation between China and him.

China sighed, "Whatever Russia. I don't know what crawled up your ass and died, but I hope you have a shit day. Break a leg!" China hung up the phone, pissed off at the Russia suddenly hating him. What could make Russia hate him so much out of nowhere?

...

"Why are you so mean to him?" Slovenia looked up at her Russian

friend. Slovenia, Slovakia, and Serbia are all Russia's friends since they were often confused for one another when they were kids for their flag colors looking so similar.

"Because China is mean! That's why!" Slovakia held on to her sister's shoulders from behind. Slovenia jumped from her grasp.

"Yes, but Russia? Is there any specific?" Slovenia gave him cute puppy dog eyes, looking up into his cold icy blue eyes.

"Yeah. Spill the beans bro." Serbia walked over to the group. "Sorry, I overheard. But do tell." The three girls moved in close to the Russian, practically begging for the story.

Russia sighed, gently pushing them away and walking out of the circle. "Really, there is no story to be told."

"Bull! You fought him, didn't you?!" Slovakia pestered. Her eyes gleamed with curiosity. Russia rolled his eyes.

"Really, it's a little more personal." Russia mumbled.

"Like I said before, do tell." Serbia crossed her arms.

Slovenia jumped up and wrapped her arms around Russia's left arm, "Please?" She gave him a small death glare.

"Fine! Fine!" Russia walked away from Slovenia before continuing, "A snitch told me he was talking." Russia growled. The three girls looked at him confused. "He was talking about my father." Russia looked at the three girls, practically emotionless.

"Well, that explains a lot." Serbia cracked her knuckles.

"Oh, calm down Serbs. Might just be a rumor." Slovenia humored the taller woman. Russia laughed at the nickname Slovenia has given Serbia. He covered his mouth with his hand while laughing slightly.

"'Serbs'? What a name." Russia looked at Serbia, humor dancing in his eyes. Serbia started to get flustered while Slovenia messed with her some more, Slovakia trying to calm down her sister, so Serbia

doesn't punch her.

Russia smiled slightly. The three females were like a second family to him. Slovenia, being the youngest yet some how slightly terrifying. Slovakia, Slovenia's sister, was the sane one. She always knew what to do. Serbia was the tough one. She could a bullet for any one of their group, and she was always looking after the two sisters. Russia was like an older brother all of them. They could play with him, rough house with him, and bring out that happy child he used to be.

"Russia!" Russia snapped out of his thought to a voice he knew all too well. He turned around to be greeted to a pissed off China and a bored Korean.

"Oh my god. What do you want?!" Russia almost snapped at his old friend. Russia was tired. Tired of dealing with the bastard.

"Stop being a pussy and actually tell me why the fuck you all of a sudden decided to back stab me and be a bitch!" China stormed right up into Russia's face.

"Oh! So, I back stabbed you huh?" He spat. "You're the one who insulted my dead father saying, 'oh he was too weak', 'he didn't try hard enough'!" Russia shouted, getting the three other females' attention.

"Russia? What's going on?" Serbia lightly touched Russia's arm. He refused the gesture and smacked away her hand, not even looking at her but instead death glaring China.

"So what?! He was weak! If he was stronger, he would still be here!" China shouted back. Russia shoved China away from him.

"Get out of my face you bastard." Russia growled.

"This isn't going to end well." Slovakia held her sisters' hand and stepped behind Serbia.

China let out a little laugh, "So angry, Russia!" He started, standing up and dusting himself off. "Calm down, old friend. I'm just..." He brushed up against Russia, so he could whisper into the Russians

ear, "Saying what everyone is thinking about you."

As if the moments were erased from his memory, Russia found himself on the ground, on top of a bleeding China with his own bleeding hand and few aches on his own body. Russia stood up, wiped his bloody lip and gave China and swift kick in the stomach before storming off, Serbia and the two sisters following close behind. Slovenia flipped off China and North Korea before running up the catch up with the other three.

"What the fuck was that?" China collected himself and struggled to push himself off the concrete floor of the pavilion. North Korea walked over to his friends' side in aid, helping him up.

"Careful. Let's get you back home to fix your broken nose." North Korea let China rest on his shoulder, his ankle was sprained from the impact of falling.

...

Russia was livid. Who does China think he is? All high and mighty, able to talk bad about his Father like that. USSR was respected, not by many some respected the man for his ability to make something work, and always having a plan. Russia adored his father for how much he worked. Russia was young then and didn't see what some of the things his Father was doing is wrong.

"Rus, you okay?" Serbia rested her hands on his shoulder. Serbia was very tall for a female, especially for someone with the size of her country.

Russia sighed, "I guess so." He grumbled. "I just hate his guts."

"Why? What happened?" Slovakia looked up at the older male, wonder in her eyes. The Russian sighed. He turned away from the females, and rested his head on his hand, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"He hurt... someone." Russia mumbled, under his breath.

"Speak up!" Serbia crossed her arms.

...

OH MY GOD. I'm so sorry about not updating in 2 months! I have NO IDEAS for this chapter, or how to write them. So, I cut it short so I could post it so this book doesn't die. Since it ends in a bit of a cliffhanger, I will say what was supposed to happen in this chapter. When the book is done, I'll come back an try to write it in.

So... Picking up from where it left off.

-Russia talks about how China manipulated Russia into hurting his father. (It barely covers this)

-Russia gets a long text from America, apologizing for everything and asking if they wanted to talk things over over a cup of coffee or tea.

-Russia agrees and plan to meet next week at a cafe.

-Ukraine goes over to Canada's house and overhears America and Britain arguing because Britain didn't want America to talk to Russia ever again.

Okay! That's about it. I hope you understand, and I will try to update the book faster, and with a complete chapter!